

# *Hallmarks of Harpeth Hall*

SPRING 1970

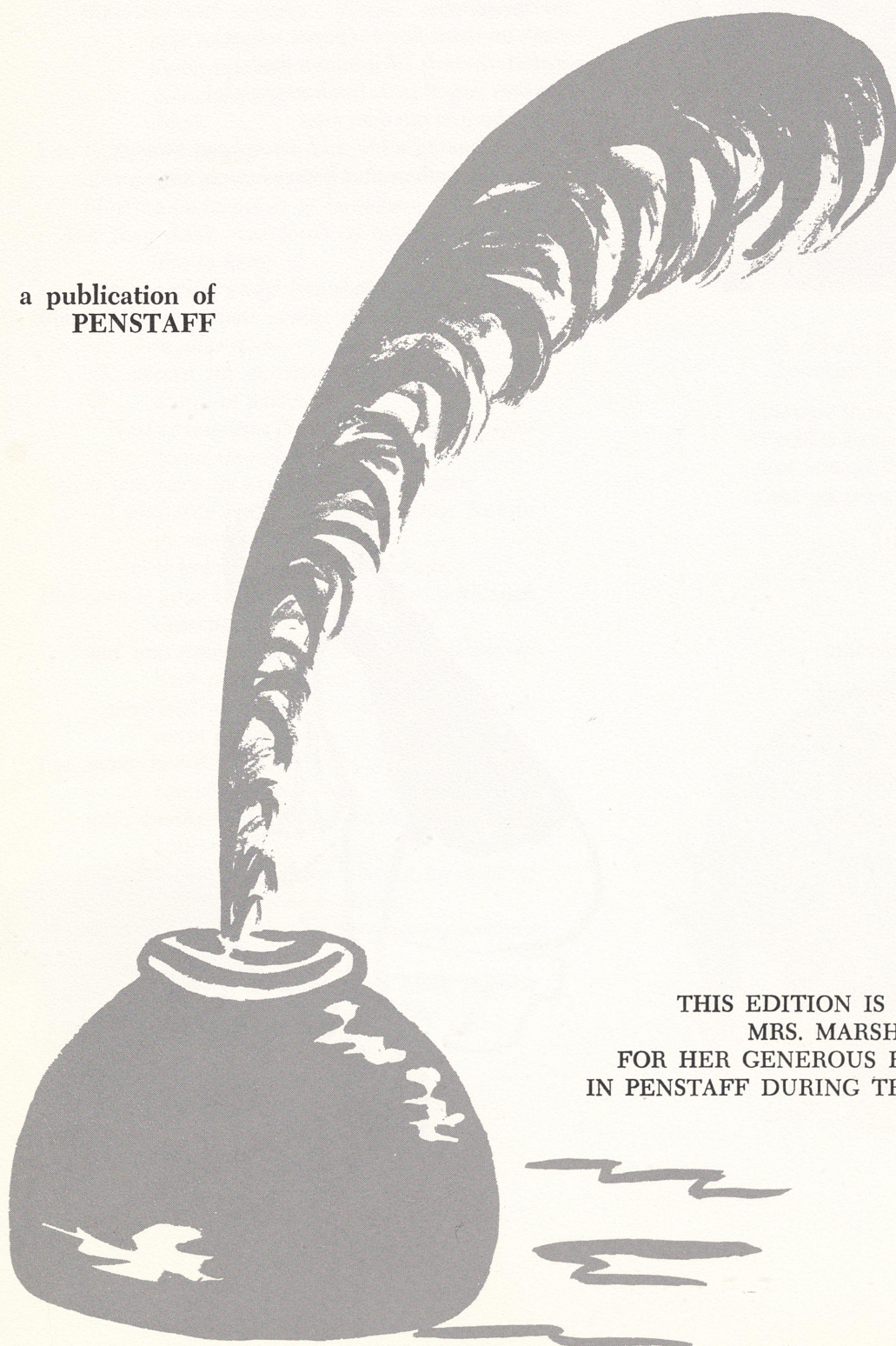






# HALLMARKS

a publication of  
PENSTAFF



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THIS EDITION IS DEDICATED TO  
MRS. MARSHALL KEYS  
FOR HER GENEROUS HELP AND INTEREST  
IN PENSTAFF DURING THE PAST THREE YEARS.





mind-seen  
Peggy Davitt, '70

- ghost grass (rustling)
- skeleton trees (rising like smoke on the far-away)
- gaunt birch (stretching seared white limbs in martyr-saint)
- moth on dead flower (paper wings)
- scattered seeds (dry-blown pods)
- pin-thin pencil trees (etched in pale) somewhere in my own mist
- winnowing wind and arrowhead trees of painted silver that knows how to sing

# WISHING WELL? Sheri Anglea, '70

Someday, I'd like

to run into a meadow  
and pick a bunch of  
wild flowers  
Run into the forest  
and sit beside a brook  
and feel the cool water  
refreshing its way to  
nowhere  
and look into the face  
pretending  
it were  
mine.





## THE FISH BOWL

Grace Paine, '70

*I have always hated fish bowls—especially round ones—*

*If I were a fish, I think a round one would be even worse*

*than one with corners Round and round and round—*

*Swim up, swim*

*sideways, swim*

*down . . .*

*You lucky fish, you—*

*always getting to see the enlarged noses and blurring fingerprints of humans—*

*And they don't ever think of what hours you like to keep*

*or whether you'd like the light on or off—*

*But come now, you really do have a stable, regular diet—*

*Oh, except for vacations that is— An extra dump of assorted*

*Hartz Mountain flies will usually keep you going though.*

*And if you have an especially nice master, you'll probably have a communicative Kuhn's plastic clam*

*that belches every five seconds.*

*But even if your master doesn't bother with such diversions*

*and entertainments— You're most likely to have pretty-colored*

*sterilized sand to gaze down on as you swim around—*

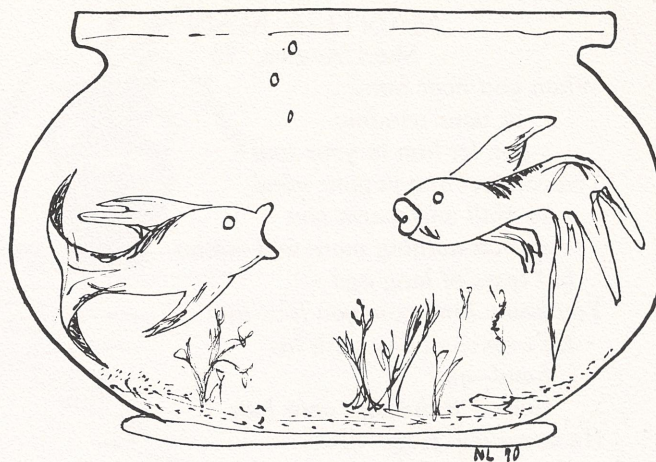
*I've even heard of some fish getting to swim round his bowl*

*with another little fishy— of the same sex of course*

*—Couldn't have them mating in front of the children or anything—*

*Does it ever amaze you that humans say animals can't think?*

*It's a good thing we have more sense than to grace them with that ability.*



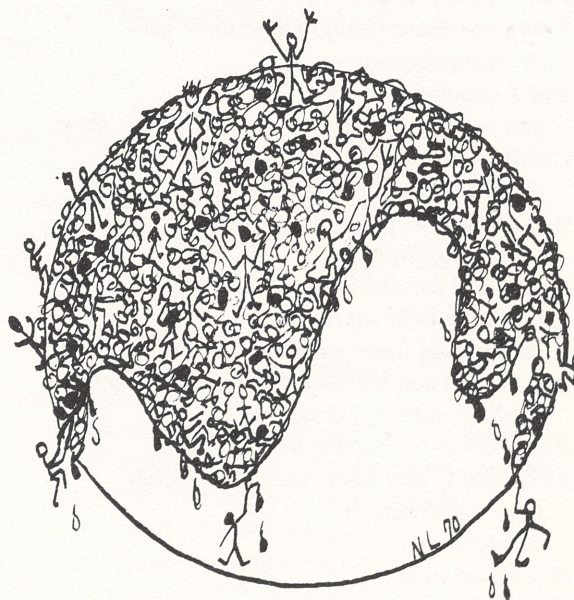
## A PLACE OF SPACE

Leontine Fort Linton, '70

*Chastise those who say that the World is a crowded place . . .*

*And remind them that they too*

*Take up precious space.*





## MANTUA MAN

Sheri Anglea, '70

When you hear him  
at your window  
—you let him in your soul  
You can feel him in your mind  
to chill and warm you  
so that nothing more will matter  
but tears of long ago  
You know him, now you love him  
He's touched you with his  
hand—and  
twined it through your hair.  
He never will forget you—  
now you shall not  
leave him—  
in short  
He's reached and touched you  
and you have felt his words.

to P.B.\*, with understanding  
Peggy Davitt, '70

I saw you first  
among the emperor's people.  
You did not belong.  
I too am an outsider  
in the pastry of silk and small talk.  
I saw you were in pain  
and myself felt your suffering.  
Everyone there thought you were dull  
or insensitive—or—stupid,  
and I wanted to cry—  
you were the only real person among them.  
I could sense, could feel the depth of  
your soul's understanding  
that made all of them and their living  
totally superficial.  
I was glad we did not meet, I could  
not have held up the mask  
and would have wept or broken,  
but I loved you then—as a man and fellow,  
brother, father, friend.  
Forgive me for saying these things.  
I thought if you knew there is another  
who understands,  
it might be easier.

Now I do—it is.

\*Pierre Bezuhov of War and Peace.

## "MY UNCLE WAS A MOLE UNTIL HE SAW THE LIGHT"

Rachel Steele, '70

Through my muscious tunnel crawl I,  
the walls of mud close  
and secure behind the ears.  
Circling the gripped-down fingers  
of the rose, I intimately know  
that her satin-secret lies in my mud.  
. . . But in March even a mole longs  
to feel the sun  
without an earth-interpretation:  
and I thank you  
who have knocked at my moledom  
to slip me a sip  
of rose-petal wine.  
And I shall fulfill  
the memory of your confidence  
but in my time.  
For I am I  
and must explore my root-domain until.







## WEALTH

Margaret Weaver, '70

*Two Grecian Vases line*

*The very gray,  
very rich,  
very old*

*Walk.*

*But the bushes in them are dead  
And the cement is cold and rough.*

*The Garden Bench is dead too.  
I almost walked entirely over it,  
But a red bug stung me as I passed  
And the crumpled marble scraped my leg.*

*I stuck an orange flower in  
The craig of a maple coated tree.  
I kept the white one because  
It smelled prettier and matched my mood.*

*It seems a pity that  
The rat made its nest  
In the newly cut grass,  
But the good things  
Are often ruined  
That way.*

## DEFINITION

Rachel Steele, '70

*heartstrings  
connect the heart to the eye  
and are what tear-jerkers jerk  
yank*

*sting  
boo-hoo*

*sometimes they connect heart to heart  
... the one between you and me is like a snake  
(a nice snake that lets me pet its agile head)  
squiggle squaggle it goes  
like a finger of*

*yellow jello jiggling  
back and side*

*... funny thing about heartstrings  
they're never very long  
(the distance between heart and heart is at most  
2 3/7 millimeters, or so I've heard—frankly,  
I've never had a ruler handy myself)*

*so the best kind of heartstring  
is the squiggley-squaggley kind  
(but only if you watch out for the squaggles  
and don't step on the snake.)*





### FEELIN'

Judy Andrews, '73

*Feelin' good—mighty good  
Like bare feet  
In the soot . . .  
Feelin' good.*

*Feelin' free—oh so free  
Like the waves  
On the sea . . .  
Feelin' free.*

*Feelin' fun-awful fun  
Like whip cream  
On the sun . . .  
Feelin' fun.*

*Feelin' high-kind of high  
Like balloons  
In the sky . . .  
Feelin' high.*

### HAIKU

C. B., '71

*They smile with sorrow.  
They laugh with tears in their eyes.  
Who will know their minds?*

\* \* \*

### LAST TRAINRIDE

Joan Wheeler, '70

*I've been in cities, populated and big,  
Cities full of crowds—  
Crowds where no one's an individual,  
Just a face . . . among other faces.  
No one's a person here, just a people  
Where a name is the only difference between  
them,  
Because outwardly people are all the same  
No matter where you go.*

*Different places, no different people  
Except for the genuine.  
The few you don't have to search inside  
Their soul to find.  
The few who among the crowd stand out,  
Not because they try or want to,  
But because they're somebody.*

*The kind you don't have to look for  
But who find you.*

*I use to think I'd have to look—  
Look hard and deep into crowds  
For those chosen few—*

*In different places,  
And dark corners,  
But I was wrong.  
They were standing all around me.*

*Looking out of empty windows  
At passing trains won't lead me anywhere."  
They'll just take me to the same destination  
I was already in—  
A nowhere where nobodies, exist.*



## SPLASHES OF COLOR

Mary Herbert Weaver, '73

*Particles of light drift by  
With every tiny wave,  
Disappearing into the sand,  
Each one too small to save.*

*Visions from across the water  
Are seen in tones of white.  
Each ripple riding by  
Is reflected in the night.*

*But suddenly the glory's gone;  
The particles are few.  
Rays of sunlight begin to appear,  
And dawn engulfs the glassy view.*

## "SECOND STAR TO THE RIGHT—"

Rachel Steele, '70

*Look at the stars!*

*—Winking*

*Twinking*

*Flung out against the sky*

*Like diamonds of a necklace*

*Scattered*

*Across a velvet rug*

*I bet*

*I could reach*

*out*

*and gather the stars . . .*

*if only I could fly.*

*"Second star to the right and straight on 'til  
morning."*

*Stars remind me*

*of Christmas tree candles,*

*rain-streaked sidewalks*

*midnight-satin pin cushions*

*and tears of happy.*

*But I wonder*

*if someone*

*could blow out the stars*

*like I*

*can blow*

*out*

*a candle?*

## MY SIN

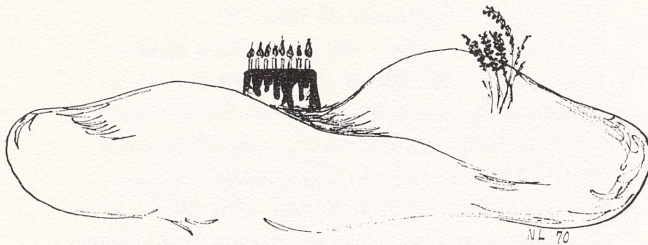
Athalie White, '71

*Oh what fear within my heart doth strike  
That quake with terror do I when it comes,  
Enclosed in blue with window—frost is like—  
My statement lies foretelling countless sums.  
How I am now so painfully aware  
Of how it feels to be tempted with sin  
As Adam and Eve were caught up in the snare  
So am I drawn by clothes—I cannot win.  
The thirty-first of every month doth cause  
A day of sorrow; day of reckoning.  
It shows that I am caught in money's claws;  
I must this flaw to judgement with me bring.  
With such computer tact and clarity  
The statement says I'm forty cents O.D.*



NL 70





### HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Nancy LeQuire, '70

Mention lovely Litchfield and can  
You remember August-September  
nottoolongago—

Sneak out Bacardi freak out party wow.  
After dunes of sand—flash—splash  
Over me the sea, and you and two others too.  
Looking up and running up we're coming up  
Unmindful.  
Lying down and putting down we're moving  
down—

Think about it.

Wind hair

touch.

Fish smell

close,

salt skin

taste

touch

Come. ah—

Maybe someday instant replay.

### Where Do They Go?

Robbie McPhearson, '72

See! See! The Congressmen!  
Down the beach they ride again.  
Yes, in their jammies again they ride.  
Like the wind and like the tide.  
Through the rain and through the snow  
Tell me, tell me, where do they go?

Diana Reed, '72

You walk a dusty road.  
If you look back, you choke on the dust  
Raised by your own feet.  
Look ahead and there is a river.  
A clear river, spanned by a bridge of hope.  
You cross it into a green land,  
Which stretches into Eternity.  
The horizon, barely visible, is dark,  
Yet brilliant, with golden rays of truth  
And eternal existence.  
Walk toward it; it is your only goal.

### THE TEA PARTY

Sandy Feustel, '70

Hi, Susan!

Won't you come to our teaparty?

We're having nice hot tea and fudge pie.

We'll have lots of fun, more fun than the

Big Ones who say they won't touch

Dirty water and

Mud.





RETURN TO WORLD QUITE  
UNFORGOTTEN—(WRITTEN IN  
NOVEMBER)

Joan Wheeler, '70

*I have a lot of things to think about.  
City things, life things  
But not all of them today—*

*Going for a long walk, gazing into the backyards,  
Long yearning looks down narrow streets,  
Remembering my childhood playgrounds.*

*Climbing the hills behind my house,  
(Climbing behind the eyes of a child  
wrapped in a blanket of warm memories).*

*I haven't been here since I was a kid,  
With my father.  
Looking for acorns hidden beneath the  
leaves.*

*Except, now I come back for a different reason,  
Not for just simple pleasures that  
finding acorns bring.*

*Funny how people like to return to half  
unfamiliar places,  
Places that come in sort of a flashback  
When you think about how easy life used to  
be as a child.*

*Why do these places beckon you back  
After you've deserted them so long ago,  
As you did with your youth?*

*I guess you go back because it's kinda' fun  
To try and get away from the whole world—  
"Society".*

*And yet when I'm up here,  
The whole city's still in my backyard.*

*Trippin' down rocky roaming paths  
As the wind blows your hair in your face.*

*Sittin' on top of a formerly abandoned hill,  
Beneath a tree,  
Watching leaves play in the tumbling wind,  
Walking the once so spring and autumn paths—  
Now infested with houses.*

*It's getting cold now, night falling.  
I guess I'll have to go back down,  
Even though I don't want to.*

HAIKU

C. B., '71

*A flash of color  
Pauses on some sunlit green  
And leaves silently.*

\* \* \*



NOT YET ASHES

Sheri Anglea, '70

*The fireplace in a dark room  
gives  
gold glow to shadowed figures  
Seeing a dimly lit room  
inviting me  
to lose myself in it.  
I gazed at old fire  
burning many hours,  
the longer it burned  
the more heat it gave,  
bright and popping had melted to  
warm flickers  
and I snuggled nearer  
for a better look  
inside.  
Bits of wood I saw growing cold, but  
not yet ashes.*

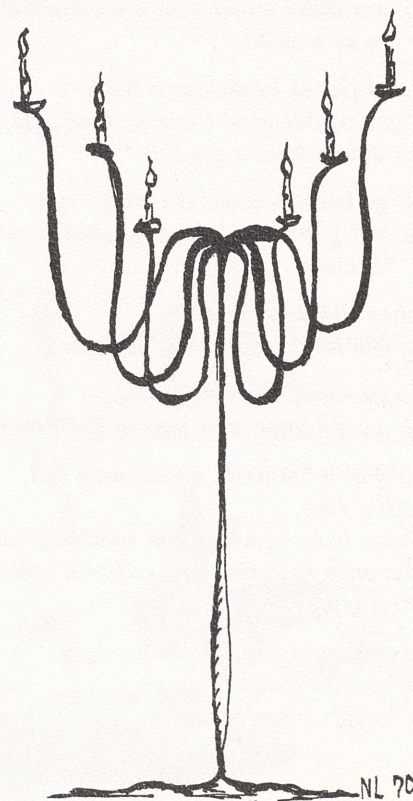


## THE LAST MASS

Sheri Anglea, '70

The tolling,  
     of the bell in the tower  
 could be heard throughout the live city.  
     It was low, and deep,  
     and matched the sky.  
 —There was no traffic,  
     the lights blinked  
     at no one  
 Inside . . . the building  
     down shadowed halls  
     hidden, by rose frocked walls  
     was the room.  
 No one knew why, exactly,  
     but they were there,  
     sitting, and waiting  
 Apart, in each mind they  
     asked together  
     —Why?, Where is father?  
 Then, the organ, in the loft,  
     moaned, and the music was sad,  
 Played by one of many,  
     figures darkly draped in blue.  
 For no reason, there were tears,  
     for some there was no reason,  
 But, yes, for us.  
 We waited, still and the organ played  
     black notes.  
     The coffin should come in,  
     but there was none,  
 No death.  
 The candles flickered, under the statues,  
     We waited, and watched,  
     The statues watched too, and they  
 Had been waiting, longer than we,  
     We looked, often up to the  
     crucifix.  
     Christ had died.  
 The father did not enter, no funeral for Jesus,  
     The stained glass was  
     black,  
 from the eyes of darkness,  
     looking in at us.  
 Mary was sad. The Virgin Mary was crying,  
     in our minds, far away,  
     on a windy hill, alone.  
     We saw her cry.  
 We were sadder, than even the organ's groan.

There was no noise, except the organ  
     Then the clock,  
     chimed,  
 it was daring to be gay, beautiful noise.  
     The dark figures kneeled,  
 we followed, not knowing,  
     Some of us knew.  
     We waited, and outside the wind  
     Sang louder and louder  
     with the organ.  
 Then it stopped.  
     The candles flickered.  
 Some of us were afraid,  
     but  
     The father came in.  
     We thought of our relief  
 All of us knew that  
     mass had begun.  
 The father was thin, old and weak,  
     He trembled  
     We shuddered, as we felt  
     the wind, outside, lashing at our minds.  
 The night was black, and hopeless. We cried,  
 and the big bell clashed, Father trembled, but we  
 knew mass had begun.



NL 70



## IMPRESSIONS: DAYTONA,

6:00 A.M.

Dorothy Keenan, '70

*Early beach morning  
in tones of pink and yellow and gray.  
An uncertain day of hazy sky  
and faint light with shades of orangepink.  
Sand still cold and damp—small  
comfort for sandworms and freezy toes  
(but fine for sand castles)—*

*Rough sea-crashing, shouting, pounding, rushing  
throwing rose waves on the glassy beach—  
—milky foam scattered on pale ankles,  
leaving the throbbing ice-water feel of cold.  
But mostly the wind and the foam and the  
seaweed in little driftty piles.*

*The salty wind—blowing hair,  
leaving chillbumps  
whipping—wrapping a limp and sandy  
beach towel around shivering shoulders.*

*All this and the gulls  
and the lonely hot dog stand  
and the rows of vacant beach chairs.  
All this and a man on a bicycle,  
pedaling for the day.*

## REMEMBER

Margaret Weaver, '70

*One second did you utter unseen  
To yourself but not to others  
A sweet and impulsive thing  
That put you up in marble.*

*Not until you are trampled by realization  
Or stifled with regret  
Can you wince from recall  
Or squeeze your eyes shut in pain—.*

*How often have we suffered for  
Moments which should be forgotten,  
And peeled away a small piece of pride  
For injecting the unnecessary too far beneath our  
skin.*



## NEVER AGAIN

Sheri Anglea, '70

*Throughout the days  
I have  
watched  
and seen  
the gulls  
and have  
felt their wing-wing  
beat the air  
about myself.  
And now the beaches  
tide cold and low  
whispers soft at my  
sleep*

*On the warm sunwind swept sand  
—I have felt and touched the waters'  
life  
and its salt has dried upon  
my face  
When I shall feel again  
the swaying soul of the  
sea wave  
and hear the gulls in  
loneliness express me  
I know myself a mist of sea  
and dissolve myself within  
and shall not hear  
the gulls  
and shall forget the feel of the  
warm beach*



Reflection in the Rain  
Molle Howell, '72

Now  
As I look out from my window  
Into the slow, drizzling rain  
I see something I have missed  
So many times before.

There  
In the rain  
I see my own life reflected.  
I see the raindrops forming patterns  
That will not break until they reach the earth  
And I see the course that the raindrops take  
Inevitably leading to the same forgotten place.

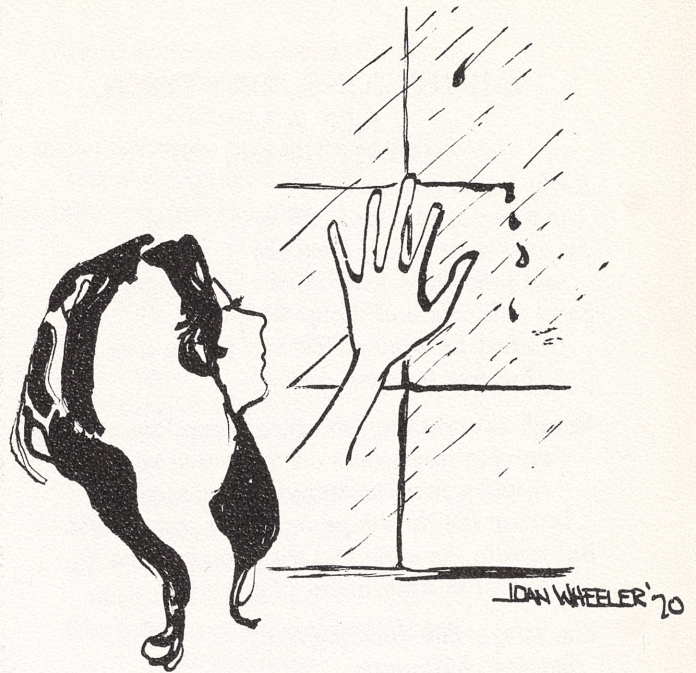
I search the sky!  
And find one lone raindrop  
That is oh so longing to break the patterns  
To be free of the others.  
I want to be that raindrop  
That will never hit the ground  
That will die before it becomes like all the rest  
Flowing in an endless pattern.

But  
That poor raindrop  
It hasn't a chance  
For the others will crush and press it  
And make it fall to the ground  
Where it will only become a part of everything  
else  
That flows in one long stream.  
I see myself in that lonely raindrop  
But I see hope too,  
For the sun is beginning to shine  
Now!

STOP THE WORLD—  
I WANT TO GET ON?

Rachel Steele, '70

Ask one  
walk two:  
Who  
will take My  
hand?  
Break Bread  
cast rod  
god  
was a lonely  
Man.



RAIN  
Judy Andrews, '73

Rain  
Falls  
into Mother Earth's welcoming arms  
to hug against her warm breast  
and Nourish her children.

Rain  
Falls  
from dark clouds  
to sting your cheeks  
and wet your lips.

Rain  
Makes  
muddy puddles  
for barefoot toes  
and little children.

Rain  
Makes  
Rainbow miracles,  
wet, glistening webs  
and soggy papers.

Rain  
Turns  
Gloom to Joy  
and child to  
Happy child.



## DE RETOUR

Dorothy Keenan, '70

*We see the falsity, the hypocrisy,  
And we point it out to all who care to listen.  
We are old and tired and dead.  
We have seen enough—  
We care to see no more.  
We have lost innocence—  
We have sung the cynic's song,  
But we have not lived to regain our outlived*

*springs,*

*To retrieve our childish joys—  
And skills we cannot master.*

*We can't go back.*

*We won't go forward.*

*Withered by the frosts of bitterness—*

*We remain*

*Shut up in darkened chambers.*

*We look out to bewail the dying leaves,*

*But we miss the autumn sunshine.*

## UNTITLED

Margaret Weaver, '70

*Once in a while I seem to crowd myself;  
I want the very best out of life I can get,  
But I'm not sure I'm willing to give enough  
And my yearning for pride surpasses the conflict.*

*The ringing silence I seek only  
Makes my throat grow thicker  
Because for me it's hard to dismiss the harshness  
And put my twisted fears at rest.*

*Yet up from the bottom where I lie  
There grow sprouts of noble conviction.  
If by chance of hope I rise to pick them,  
I might be assured of artificial peace.*

*When this feeble passion cheapens my assurance,  
I let snap the cage my nerves have locked,  
For once I let self-possession own me  
The consequence won't crowd only me.*

## SUBWAY WALL

Judy Andrews, '73

*This world is black*

*With whites underneath.*

*No fighting, no wars—*

*The death toll is low.*

*People burn their credit cards.*

*Christians got to go.*

*Love your dictator*

*Like you should.*

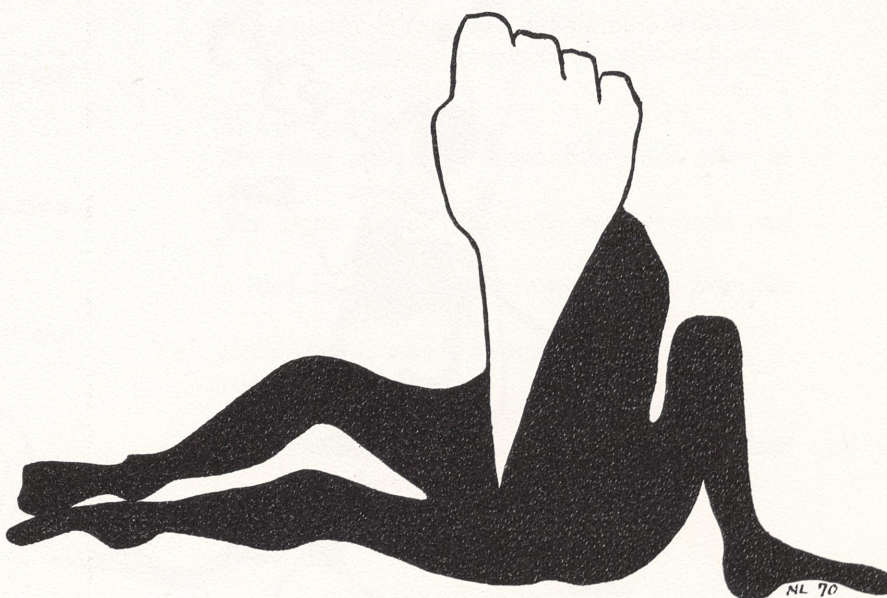
*Please, everybody—*

*Be real good.*

*I hate this world of goody mess.*

*But I love the dictator—*

*I must confess.*



NL 70



## THE BALLAD OF HAROLD

Athalie White, '71

*There was a wood in which there lived  
A bee of such great guile,  
That lady insects swooned with love  
When caught in the light of his smile.*

*Harold was this good bee's name.  
No woman seized his love  
Until one day ordained by God,  
A mate—from Heaven above.*

*She was of maiden-beauty fair  
Three inches of chartreuse green:  
Caterpillar and Bumblebee,  
A cuter pair ne'er to be seen.*

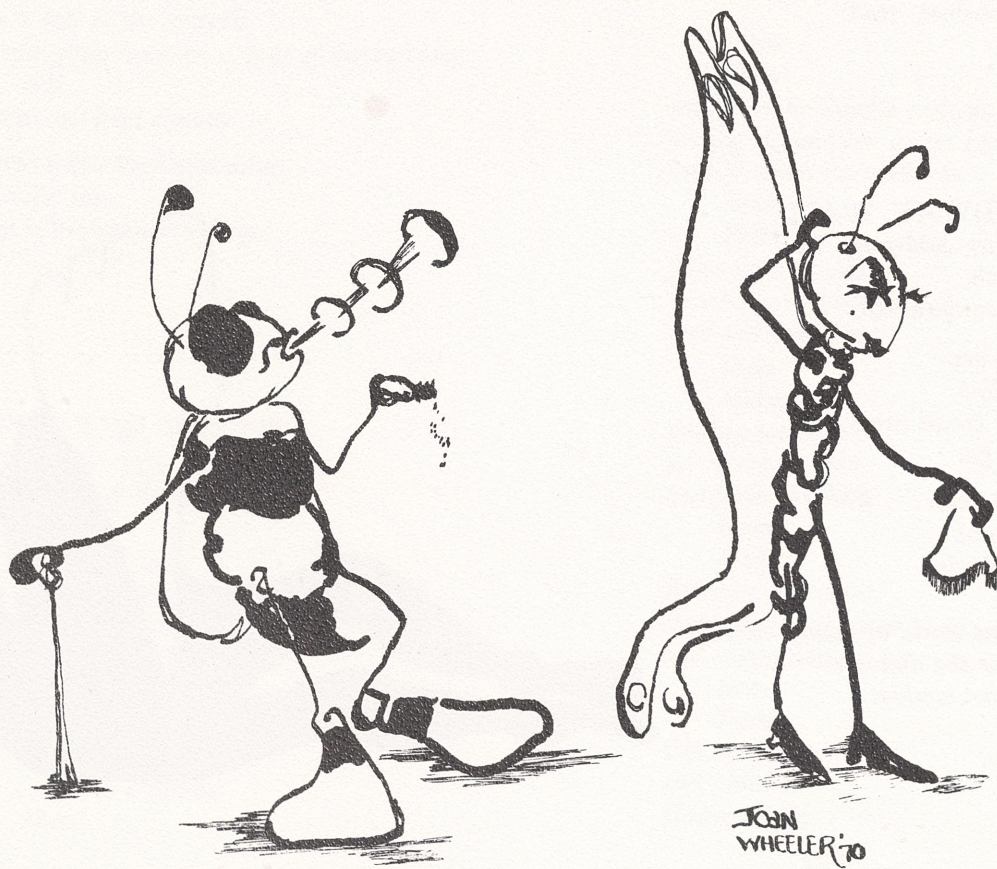
*A lasting love, the truest love,  
A short betrothal dear.  
She lived for him, his life for her,  
'Til she did disappear.*

*He searched for her both high and low.  
He found her lifeless shell:  
Brown and hard, a hideous thing.  
His grief they could not quell.*

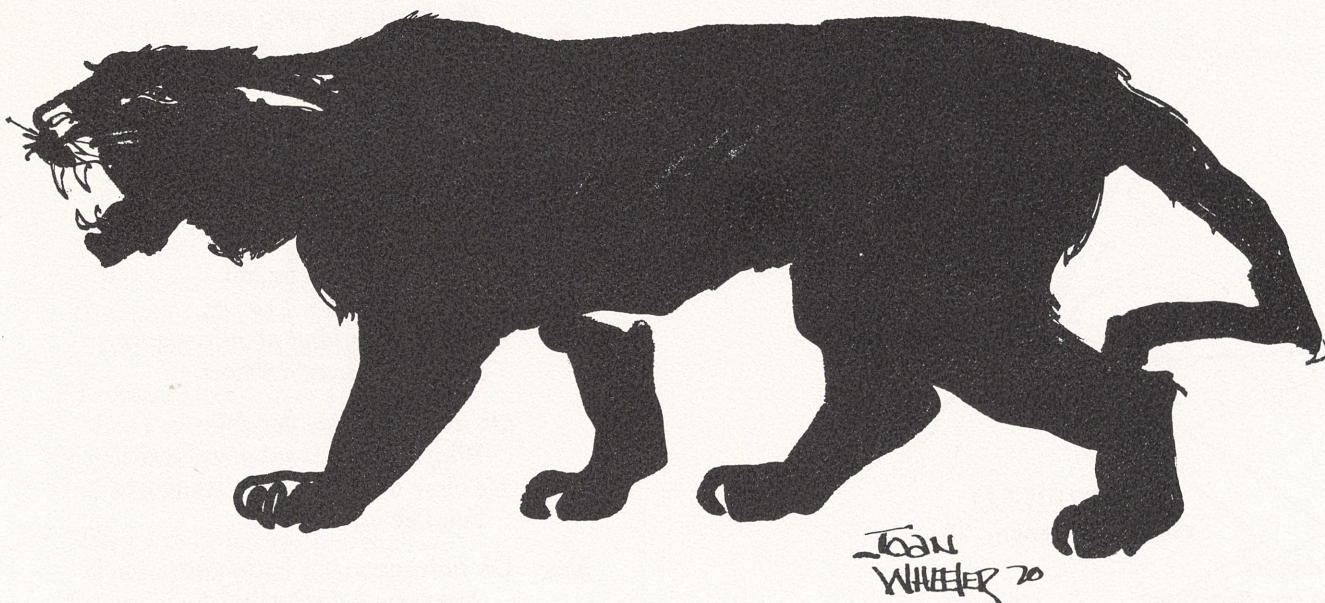
*Weeks passed by; Harold was sad,  
His days no longer sunny.  
Life was no longer worth living,  
So he drowned himself in honey.*

*One day passed and from her shell  
A beautiful butterfly came.  
She saw her lover's corpse so still:  
Her heart this sight did pain.*

*She pined for her true lover dear;  
She killed herself with him to be.  
And so here ends the tragic tale  
Of Butterfly and Bumblebee.*







## SONG OF THE PANTHER

Diana Reed, '72

*I am a dark, silent creature of the night.  
 The night is part of my very being.  
 Night, and I am alive.  
 I am as black as night itself.  
 I move silently on black velvet paws, through the  
 dark jungle undergrowth.  
 I come to a clearing.  
 The moon shines down on me.  
 It sets around me a silvery outline and gives me a  
 huge companion who grows from my feet.  
 I am a dark creature.  
 I do not like the moon or shadow company.  
 So I return to the dark, silent depths of the  
 jungle.  
 I am hungry.  
 I stalk my prey silently, every sense alert.  
 I can feel my muscles under my skin with each  
 movement.  
 Now I catch the scent of a young fawn left by its  
 mother.*

*I kill it with one blow of my velvet paw.  
 It never heard me coming.  
 But I have no pity, for I am a dark, silent  
 creature and cannot be hidden from.  
 Now I am thirsty.  
 I go quickly to the river, taking care with each  
 footstep to uphold the silence I  
 worship.  
 As I drink, I listen.  
 The frogs and the crickets echo each other in  
 chorus.  
 The water rushes and swirls around rocks and  
 bushes.  
 A bird screams and is answered faintly from the  
 other bank.  
 Even I betray myself by lapping.  
 I am a silent creature.  
 I do not like the river or its noisy inhabitants.  
 So I return silently, and disappear into the deep  
 dark, silent jungle of the night.  
 My soul is there.*





SNOWFIELD  
Dorothy Keenan, '70

Midnight  
The icy, inky hour  
When snow and ice and earth are everything.  
The rest is darkness.

A lone man  
Crosses a field.  
A farmer passing too late for  
Any company besides the  
Moonlight and the glittery crusty snow  
That dazzles with a frigid burning brilliance.

He cannot hurry.  
Not when still and icy air  
Sears lungs and blackens  
frozen limbs with fire.  
A firm step will do—a whistle  
in the black perhaps . . .  
But the sentence cannot be destroyed.

The crunch of keg boots on frost  
Only joins the roars of emptiness and  
Drowns the pulsating heart of man in  
total,  
complete  
unsound.

The field is all in black and light  
Farmer—  
Fences—  
Barns—  
Bleak

And black and nothing—  
Silhouettes against fire of cold whiteness.  
A man's feet cannot leave a trace  
In such diamond-white and brilliant ice.

## L'AMOUR

Athalie White, '71

him: Why is my stem so short and fat—  
My leaves so sickly green?  
Oh ne'er shall I be able to wed  
My beautiful buttercup queen!

The dandelion—an ugly plant  
How could I be so born?  
She grows so slender—petals soft  
I'm sure my face she'd scorn.

her: Oh what a pity to be tall  
Above the men I tower.  
In this the world of plant romance  
I am an outcast'd flower.

Oh dandelion, my dandelion  
Why should I want your love?  
It's clear we're meant to be apart;  
You below, me above.

him: Oh buttercup, my buttercup  
Apartness I don't mind.  
For if our love is true enough  
Together our hearts t'will bind!

2:05 A.M.

Joan Wheeler, '70

Sittin' in a secluded apartment above  
Manhattan—  
Gazin' at tha raindrenched streets below.

(In the air there lingered a faint and distant tune  
of Bach someone was playin' across the hallway)

Arose and stumbled through tha nauseating  
stench

In incense and hash—put on a pot of coffee  
And drifted back ta my dwelling.

In a dimmed and narrow alley, below,  
A stray animal tripped tha lid of a garbage pail  
And sheltered himself as tha cry of rattling tin  
Echoed into the deserted streets.

Still watching tha skies weep their tears  
Of unwanted memories they had witnessed,  
Silent footsteps approached.  
A familiar knock, and I opened  
Loneliness stumbled across my mind.



## KIDNAPPED BY LIGHTNING

Jo Anderson, '71

Thus Scot and Anne had made their plans  
To put to trial that night.  
The boy would come to kidnap her  
In just the pale moonlight.

"Please come to me at twelve o'clock,  
And I'll be waiting here.  
Do not delay, oh, dreary day!  
For I'll be waiting, dear."

"And I will throw some rocks upon  
The window ledge you know.  
That you may come to watch me climb  
The willow tree below.

"I cannot climb a tree tonight  
For I'm not feeling well.  
I fear that if I tried that tree,  
I would be apt to yell."

"Then I must get for you the key  
That opens quite your door.  
Do you prefer to get from me  
The key by tree or door?"

"It would be far too dangerous  
To travel through our house.  
For Mother has such keen, sharp ears  
That she could hear a mouse.

"The key that will enable me  
To open up my door  
You'll find still kept in Ma's blue vase.  
Mom comes! We shan't plan more.

"Farewell 'til then my love, my love.  
For you I burn so hot.  
I could not live without you, dear,  
Or else I'd surely rot."

And so that dreary day passed on.  
Then it began to rain.  
The lightning cried as if to say  
That it could stand no pain.

The girl put all her articles  
Together in a bag  
And sat to wait until their hour  
For Scot who would not lag.

Indeed came he to kidnap her  
In just the pale moonlight.  
Instead found he that there would be  
The lightning in the night.

But on went he to steal the key  
That lay within the vase  
As she who waited in her room  
Continued there to pace.

He climbed fate's tree, but all should know  
That they would never wed.  
For as he stretched the key to her  
The lightning struck both dead.



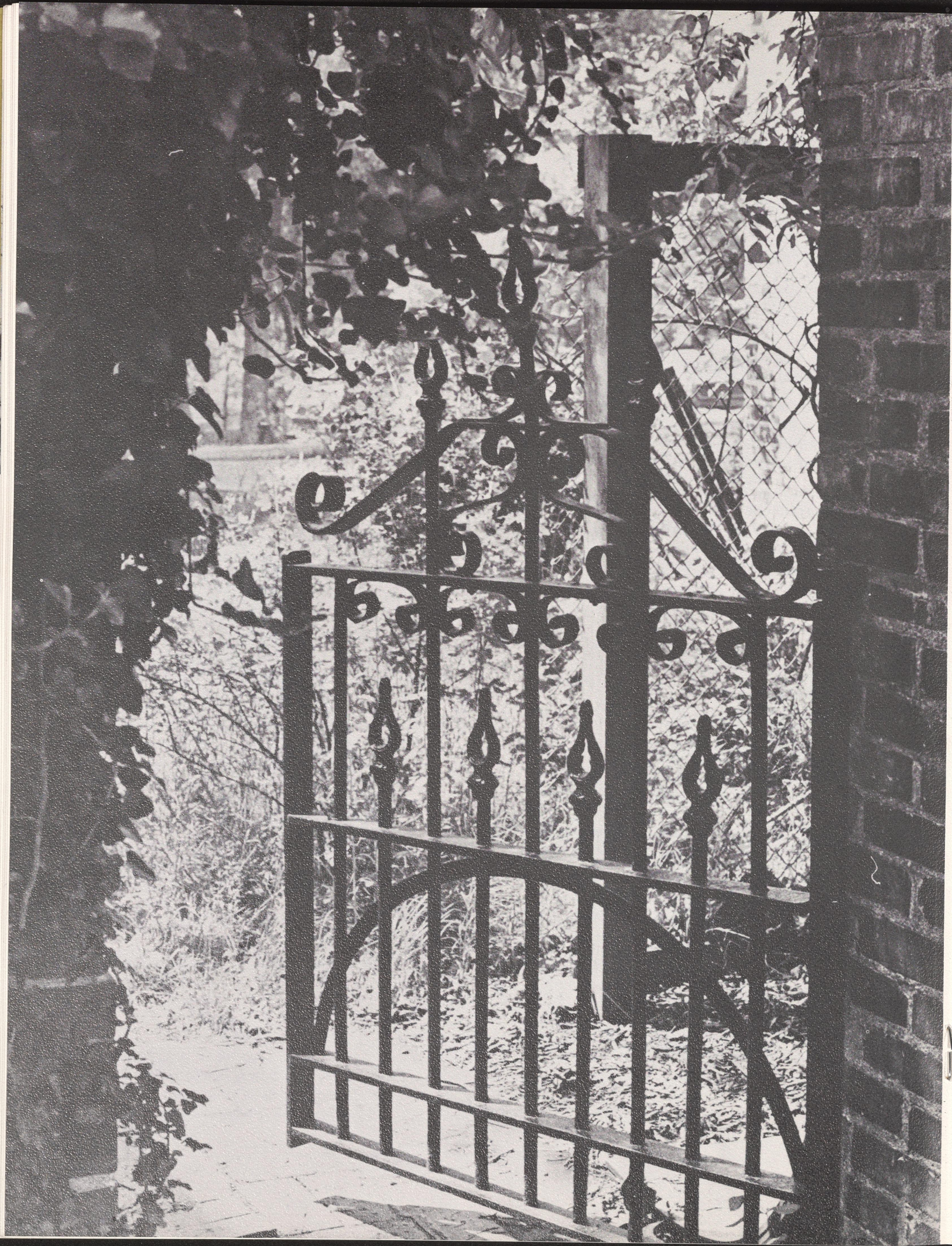


# THE POEM OF OUR CLASS—1970

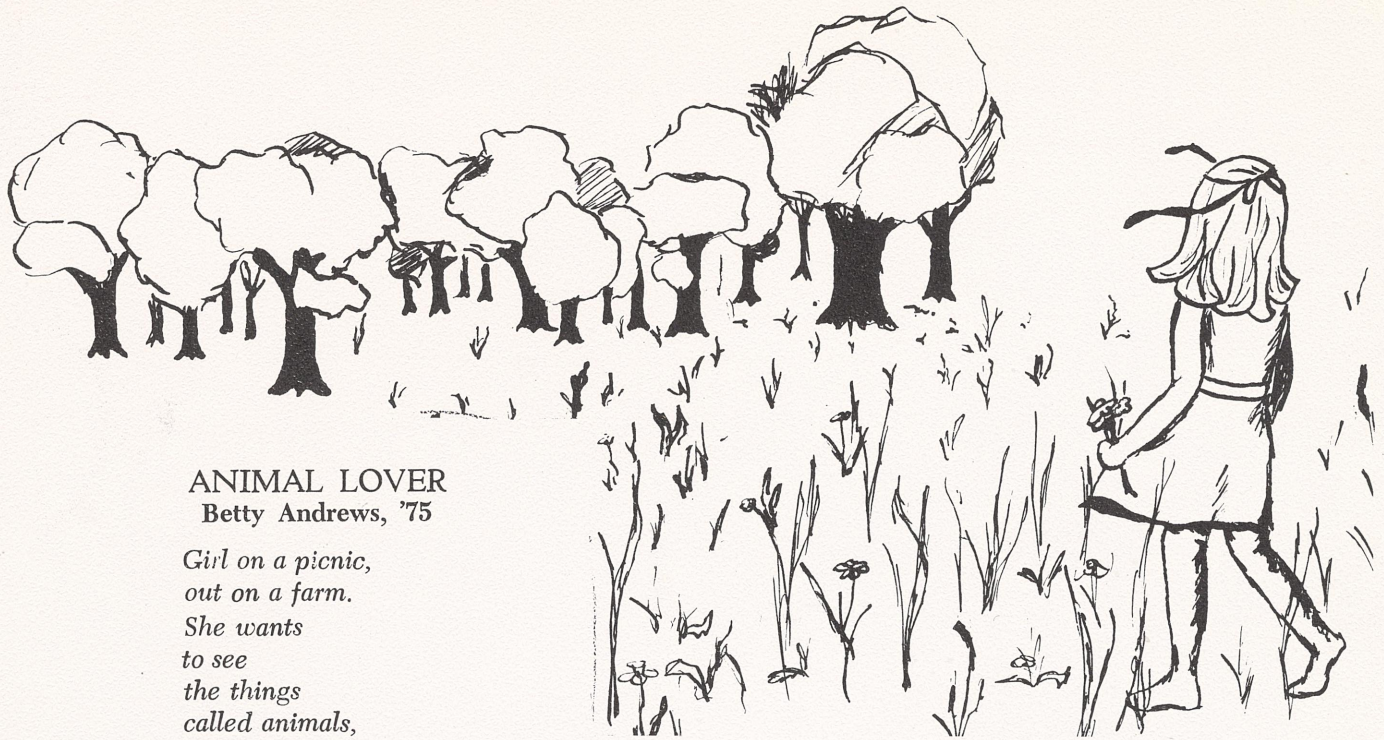
Sheri Anglea, '70

*When we reached  
out for what was  
beyond the flowers  
We found ourselves.  
We came together  
then set out to become  
what we would  
Our theme carried us to what we believed  
and we were  
Individual  
Individuals.  
We survived the apathetic vegetables  
and sailed on  
to say  
and do  
what we believed  
was right and ought to be.  
Only because this small idea in green  
touched our lives so  
do we care what happens.  
We all have left something  
behind  
to join in its being,  
our laughter  
our tears  
our yearning for what is right  
our fresh awareness  
We are together, now, in our last moment of  
real touch here, with nothing  
to say  
but only to look  
for one last memory  
that shall have to last  
for  
a long time.  
We leave.  
Know we care  
and we will  
do and change for better  
in whatever  
we do  
wherever we are  
and I cannot say that  
someday  
our minds might not wander  
back  
to this little  
green  
hill.*









### ANIMAL LOVER

Betty Andrews, '75

*Girl on a picnic,  
out on a farm.  
She wants  
to see  
the things  
called animals,  
and they  
call her  
an animal lover.  
In a field,  
the only human,  
she sits  
eating a  
cold hamburger,  
hungry  
after a day  
of walking.  
Suddenly  
she feels  
a warm presence  
behind her.  
As she turns her head,  
the girl  
hears a low mooing  
and sees  
a cow with large eyes  
staring accusingly at her.  
She laughs  
and tries  
to pet the cow,  
but the beast  
walks slowly away  
as the girl  
shrugs her shoulders,  
turns,  
and finishes  
her lunch.*

### GRASS

Trish Todd, '75

*Green, straight little line,  
Can so many of you make  
An endless green field?*

### BUMBLE BEE

Trish Todd, '75

*Busy little bee  
Gathering food for your queen,  
Why aren't you on strike?*



HUNTING  
Betty Andrews, '75

*The owl soared,  
hunting silently  
in the night.  
His yellow eyes  
saw a silent farmhouse.  
Quiet.  
He flew silently  
over the meadow  
where he knew  
the hunting was good . . .  
ground rising up  
to hit him  
as he swooped  
over the grass.  
A shrill screech,  
then quiet  
as he flew  
back to his nest  
in the old tree  
with the still-warm fieldmouse  
in his claws.  
When he got back  
to his nest  
and he tasted  
the mouse,  
and felt  
his hunger leave,  
he knew that  
the year  
would go well,  
for the hunting was good . . .*



MY LOCKER  
Trish Todd, '75

*Outside, my locker is cold and impersonal  
With a number 154 on the door.  
It has a lock to keep prying hands out.  
Only I can open it.  
When I do,  
Books usually come pouring out.  
Inside there are more books,  
A purse,  
A scarf,  
A pile of old papers,  
And a lot of dust.  
Sometimes I find a note from Cornelia,  
Which has been slipped through the vent.  
After getting my books out,  
I slam the door.  
And shut my little world  
Out from the big one.*

INSTINCTS  
Betty Andrews, '75

*The puppy played  
with the dead rat  
and tasted blood.  
He joyfully chewed  
on the small body.  
Warm.  
His primeval instincts  
were forcing him on.  
Then he felt a sharp pain  
in his side  
and saw  
a wolfish dog,  
fangs bared,  
and again  
he tasted blood.  
His own.*



## SLIPPING

Barbara Couch, '74

Lucus walked down the gray steps and blinked as a bright, spring sun attacked his eyes. He stretched his arms and breathed a sigh of contentment. It did feel good to be free, and of all the time he had spent there . . . no! . . . he wouldn't think of that. He smiled as he noticed a park nearby. Fresh and green and inviting. Luke had noticed it many times from his window, but it looked different without bars obscuring part of its beauty. Straightened shoulders, new clothes, even a small penknife in his pocket, Luke felt secure now. Yes, secure and trusted. He didn't notice an unpretentious, little man walking, perhaps a little too closely, on Luke's heels. Luke entered the park happily. An angelic youngster with a lollipop and hair in dogtails looked up as Luke seated himself on the narrow wall beside her. "Hello," she said gravely. "My name is Jennifer Ann, but my mommy calls me Jeni."

Luke was uneasy around children, but he managed to simulate a smile and nodded, "My name is, uh, Johnny."

"That's nice." Jeni nodded approval. "You call me Jeni, and I'll call you Johnny. Jeni and Johnny." The child said the names as to herself, smiling in a serious sort of way.

Luke found himself squirming uneasily. He was cured, completely cured. Otherwise he would still be in that big gray building.

The neat, little gentleman settled himself on a bench across the sidewalk.

"Would you like some of my lollipop? It's all right to have some as long as my mommy doesn't see. She tells me to eat my own lollipops."

"Your mother is quite right. Thank you, but I really couldn't eat any." Ordinarily Luke would have been amused, but now he felt himself slipping back—back to where he was before. But when they let him out, they proved he was cured, completely and irrevocably normal; otherwise, . . . Luke fished around in his pocket until his hand tightened on his sharp, little penknife. His grasp closed around it.

"This is a new dress. Isn't it pretty? I have new underwear, too."

Luke nodded restlessly. He found himself squirming uncontrollably and thinking back—another penknife and blood, lots of blood, screaming—loudly screaming and squirming and yelling and. . . The quiet man across the walk glanced up unostentiously.

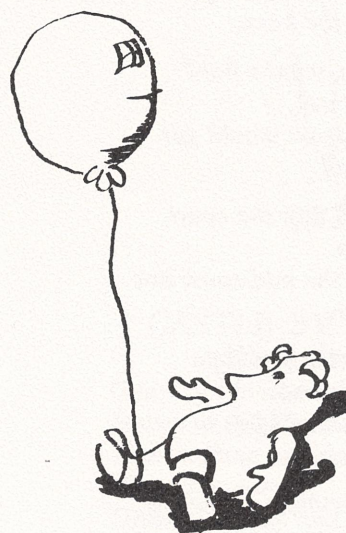
"Are you sick? My mommy has pills. Would you like some pills?"

"No, I'm not sick." Luke's voice had been unnecessarily loud. The little man glanced up once more. Luke's thoughts went back to that day. . . "He's the one all right!" "Look at that blood." "Poor thing." "She was so pretty." "What shall



we do about him?" "Call the police." "The police" and blood and children and screaming, dying, murder. His world whirled about him. Several men neatly dressed in white. Years intervening, and then . . . "He's the one? That horrible series of child murders?" "Oh, yes. But he's quite all right now. We're letting him out for observation." "He'll be out tomorrow." "He's free tomorrow!"

Luke shook violently. Still shaking, he started edging toward Jeni. The little man stiffened. A pulse started beating in Luke's temple. Sweat poured down his brow, and his head pounded and pounded and pounded, and he couldn't stand it. He was close to Jeni now, quite close. She looked up at him trustingly. More blood. There'll be more blood. The knife came out of his pocket. "Jeni," he said. "Jeni." She looked at him. Just looked. "Don't!" he screamed. "For God's sake don't look at me!" Blood and death. Soon Jeni would be gone, too, and Luke couldn't stop. "Jeni, Jeni. Oh, don't, Jeni!" Luke didn't feel the blow that hit him. People filled the park where a madman had gotten loose. Jeni's mother, sobbing hysterically, gathered Jeni up and started to take her away. Jeni was calm. "Mommy," she said. "There was a nice man here, but he wouldn't finish my lollipop."





## ALAS, A LOSS

Betsy Shapiro, '71

*'Twas Saturday, that fateful day  
When we set out to win  
A tournament of basketball  
Which we were entered in.*

*It all began at nine o'clock,  
That was the scheduled time.  
At nine o'clock right on the dot  
The bell began to chime.*

*The referee tossed up the ball,  
A good, fair toss it was.  
I seized the ball and started off,  
But then we heard the buzz.*

*A walk! A walk! Oh, what a flub!  
A sad mistake, that call,  
For now the other team would get  
Possession of the ball.*

*They threw the ball into the court,  
I tried to get it then.  
While dribbling to the mid-court line  
Alas, I walked again.*

*The game continued in this style  
No right was done by me.  
With only twenty seconds left  
One point ahead were we.*

*We kept the ball between ourselves,  
We knew we'd win the game.  
I had a fleeting vision of  
Our everlasting fame.*

*But then I turned and saw that my  
Opponent had the ball.  
As I was chasing after her  
I made a clumsy fall.*

*And then once more the buzzer rang  
Again it was on me.  
"It was a foul," the referee yelled,  
"That girl gets two shots free."*

*We took our places at the lane,  
I sooner would be dead.  
The other team had chance for two,  
With us a point ahead.*

*The first shot up and through the net,  
Our scores were now the same.  
I hoped and prayed that this next shot  
It would not end the game.*

*I heaved a sigh as it was thrown,  
Our chances did seem dim.  
The ball soared toward the rival's goal,  
And spun around the rim.*

*Not once, not twice, but three full times  
Around the rim it spun,  
And when at last the motion ceased,  
The game our foes had won.*

*Oh grief! Such grief I had to bear!  
The loss was blamed on me.  
But for the fumbles I had made  
Our victory it would be.*

*I can no longer lift my head,  
My world is full of shame.  
Because of me our team had lost  
This most important game.*



## THINK THRICE!

Marilyn Blackman, '71

*Have you ever witnessed a case  
Where the name misplaced the face  
Thought it polite not to grin,  
Till the person did it again*

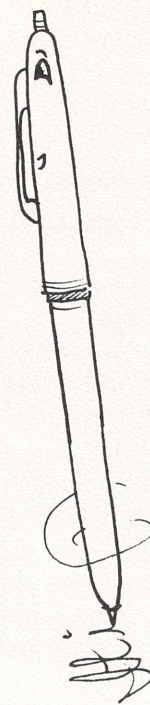
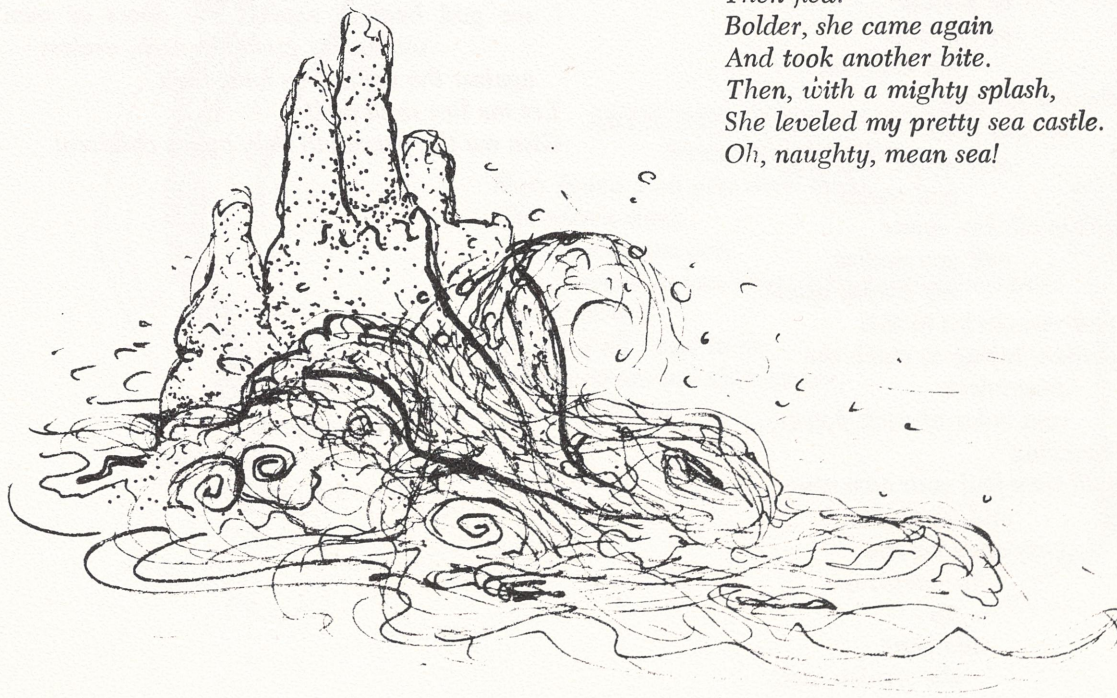
*Or walked into a store  
Bought a package of bologna  
Ran empty out the door—  
Cause you forgot your money*

*Even dressing in the dark  
When clothes are unmarked  
Can give yourself a shock  
Wearing a mis-matched sock!*



HEY PEN  
Judy Andrews, '73

Hey, pen  
Do you like your color?  
Blue  
Tell me,  
Why are you blue?  
Why can't you be yellow or turquoise  
or purple or exciting?  
Wait—  
Don't get mad.  
I was only kidding.  
You know what, pen?  
I bet you're scared.  
Real scared.  
You always write little thin lines.  
Never big bold ones . . .  
And sometimes you get tired  
And don't even write  
But then you always start again.  
Why don't you just quit?  
Are you scared?  
Are you scared of that big trash can?  
You know what?  
There might be a candy wrapper in it.  
And if your master didn't eat it all,  
There could be some chocolate left for you.  
If you're nice.  
So why don't you just quit?  
I'll fail the paper anyway.  
Blue.



CASTLE BY THE SEA  
Diana Reed, '72

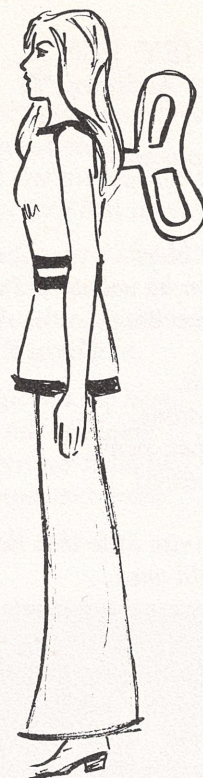
One day I built a mighty castle.  
It was so mighty, and I so proud,  
That nothing could defeat us.  
Then, the enemy,  
Dressed in blue and white with  
A bit or green,  
Sneaked up on us.  
Furtively, she bit off a piece of the wall,  
Then fled.  
Bolder, she came again  
And took another bite.  
Then, with a mighty splash,  
She leveled my pretty sea castle.  
Oh, naughty, mean sea!



# A RUNDOWN TOY

Anne Cooper, '71

*Wind me up.  
I smile, laugh, and play.  
When I run down,  
I just sit in my loneliness  
And dream of better days.  
All I need is a gentle push.  
I'll be okay then.  
Yet no one seems to want to push.  
Why can't they help me win?*



# A CLAMOR IN THE FLOWER GARDEN

Sheri Anglea, '70

*As a certain sunlight graced this day,  
    little will you know  
        or see  
        or care  
            of my leaving.  
The dizzy heat will warm you so,  
    little will you feel  
        or sorrow  
        or cry over  
            my absence.  
So much there is for you  
    to still hold  
        and laugh, and cry,  
        and touch  
Engrossed in all this, never  
    will you realize  
        my empty space.  
So while you run circles in this  
    garden, trying to catch the  
        fragrances  
        and color of each flower,  
I leave knowing  
That you will soon find your own rose,  
    and leave, too,  
    long after my life  
        has crept up  
        up  
        and over  
        the garden wall.*

# UNTITLED

Claire Brittain, '71

*I hear the wind beating against the windows,  
    Its innumerable hands—clawing, scratching,  
    trying vainly to get in.  
Let me run wild with the wind!  
Give me the freedom felt only in it!  
  
I see god beating against the doors of men's  
    minds, his great strength, useless  
    against the walls they have built.  
Let me live with god!  
Give me the peace felt only by his children!*

# HAIKU

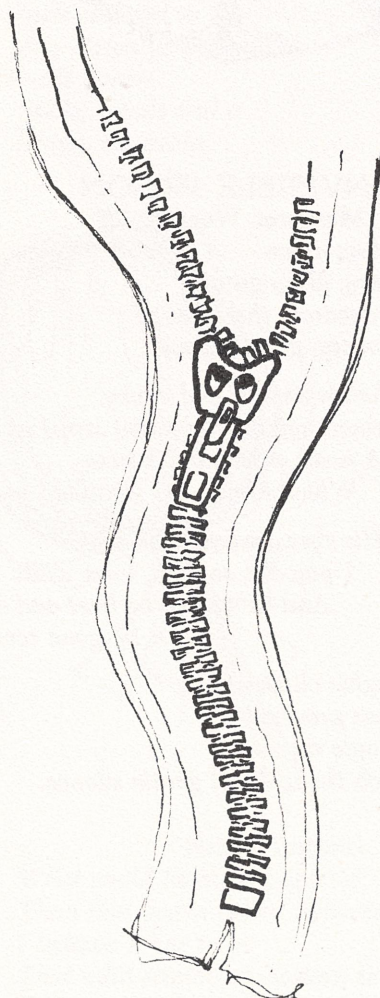
C. B., '71

*Do not pity me!  
I am alone . . . not lonely!  
I love my freedom!*



# I'M A ZIPPER Nancy LeQuire, '70

*You look at me and see my metal teeth . . .  
Tiny tight closed-together teeth . . .  
I'm mean, man. I bite.  
I used to be open . . . that was last week  
When I was a softy. But this week  
I'm different . . . I saw the light.  
I found out through experience that life ain't  
sweet  
When you lie open and exposed. It's sweet  
Only if you don't hit snags . . . like  
You gotta avoid 'em. But if you meet one  
You gotta know how to get around it. Meet  
The pro man. I learned how to fight, bite,  
Lie, be sly, ignore, and sneak.  
I'm closed now but you sneak  
On over here and I'll open up and . . . strike!  
I told ya I'm mean. I bite.*

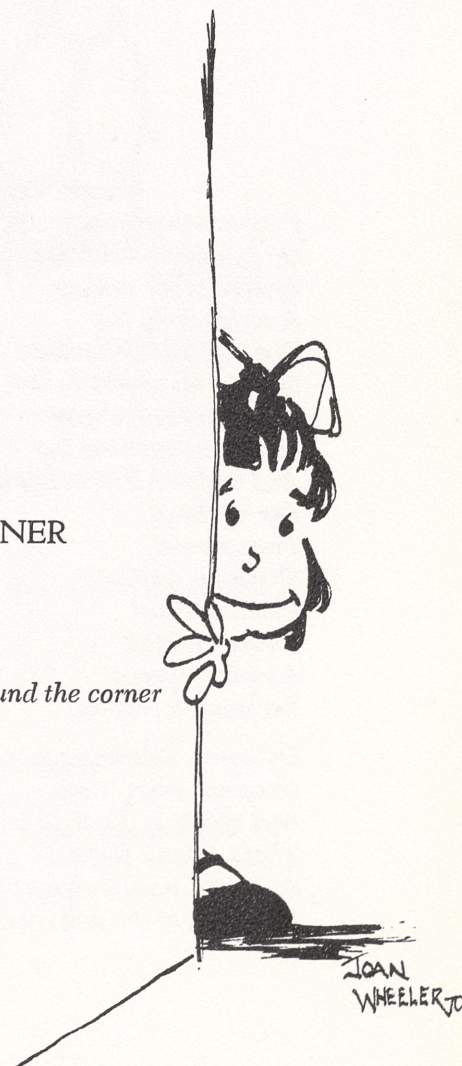


# NIGHTMARE Barbara Couch, '74

Man was aware of pain.  
The pain was excruciatingly grinding his mind,  
tearing and rending his spirit and body in a  
glaring, blinding flash of intuitive evil.  
Man tried to escape, but he couldn't. The pain  
was ultimate, infinite, and man was pursued  
through myriad half-worlds and dimensions. Fog,  
murky steam, clung to man, masking his move-  
ments and making his actions unreal.  
Man grasped the only real thing to him, pain.  
The pain, which had been dull and constant,  
changed to a keener knife-edged agony. The  
new pain tortured man in vivid vagueness,  
pushed him, held him back, roughly demanded  
more reaction to more pain. Man was pinioned;  
he was shaken, torn, imprisoned.  
But man stood adamant.  
Man said, "I believe."  
And the pain ceased.

# AROUND THE CORNER Sandy Feustel, '70

*How funny, that you were there  
The whole time,  
And I never saw you.  
How funny that you were right around the corner  
All the time,  
And that all I had to do  
Was peep around that corner,  
And notice your  
Smile.*





REVIVAL  
Margaret Weaver, '70

*With arms outstretched  
And voices risen  
These men pretend to preach.*

*When minds are fresh and  
Yet have desire to stale  
Why do they accuse disbelief?*

*We understand that to dedicate  
There must first be doubt;  
So why do these men preach about  
experience?*



Jeannie Crawford, '70

*Fragmentary feelings  
Of flying-kite emotions  
A passion for despair  
A melancholy joy  
The night deep fantasy  
Shining up ahead  
While tinkling crystal  
Softly lies upon my ear  
And makes a bed of lightly spangled velvet  
For my head.  
Transparent  
Shapeless dark—  
Floating there  
A touch is kind  
A smile is peace  
Escaping to reality.*

*Delirious, delicious ignorance  
Imagines what it can  
And revels in the sight beyond the seen  
That's merely feeling—  
As I drop away through time  
Laughing at the pattern of the mind.*

INVISIBLE PRISON  
Margaret Weaver, '70

*A day is sliding down  
The slippery, filthy gutters  
Which decorate the sides of  
His crusty, greasy home.*

*His hands lie still and sticky  
Pressed against the faded strips of  
A rusty, prickly mattress  
Which houses his trampled soul.*

*His eyes are fixed and dry  
Upon the ancient, wise walls  
And he smells the beer and sweat  
of a by-gone tennant.*

*Yet his thoughts climb above  
What fate has prisoned  
And for a single moment  
He may catch the wake of gentle silence.*



A TASTE OF THE FAIR  
Marilyn Blackman, '71

Gravel crunching beneath  
dusty shoes  
—It's about that time.  
Coins jingling in pockets  
All for a hot caramel  
blob on a stick.  
The warm September  
sun and fair dust  
melt caramel to  
drip down young fingers  
—All gone—  
Sticky hands and a  
brown mustache.



Nancy LeQuire, '70  
What could be more gigantic  
Than that ocean called Atlantic?  
I believe it has to be  
That solid stretch of western sea.  
Oh you want me to be more specific?  
What I mean is the Pacific.



LITTLE BROTHER  
Ann Worrell, '72

Standing here, it is hard to believe  
How someday he will be this old.  
But then I also had cornsilk hair  
And skin so fair.  
  
Yes, light as a feather  
With correction shoes of brown leather.  
Always staying up late,  
Never finishing my plate  
As I knew I should.  
  
If ever a smile  
Could spread for a mile,  
I am sure it was mine.  
Sometimes trying, even exasperating,  
But always a joy.  
When I was just a boy!





OCTOBER 17, 1969 11:45 P. M.  
Grace Irvin, '70

Hi old owl.  
I haven't heard you in such a long time,  
but I've listened nearly every night.  
I remember you used to be in the tree outside  
my window. But it wasn't my window then.  
It was my grandfather's house, and now he  
has gone.  
I guess you had to change, too.  
I guess it's too bright down here for you now,  
But I wish you'd start hooting again.  
It gives me a kind of . . . security  
. . . to know I'm not the only one awake.  
Please hoot, "Who, Who, Who are you?"  
OK? 'Cause I might even tell you this time.

## LOVE'S UNYIELDING SEASONS

Joan Wheeler '70

I love you—  
Not because of who you are,  
But for what you are;  
Because of what you make me  
When I'm with you—  
Because of what I am when I'm with you  
And what I'm not without you.

I love you—  
Because when we're together, we're no longer  
two  
Alone, but one alone—united.  
And yet when we're apart, we again are but  
two;  
alone

I love you—  
Because I've grown to understand now  
What love really means  
And because now you've grown to be  
So much a part of me  
When you're not here  
And I'm alone.

I love you—  
Because the next time you turn to go  
No longer will my eyes be filled with tears  
Of sadness  
But instead happiness  
And a smile of thanks  
For all you've given me  
And for all we've ever shared—

## Life in the Waves

Susan Shoulders, '72

They beat against the rocks,  
And rolled onto the shore  
Foaming and sizzling with salty temper,  
Rushing on with pride and power,  
Only dying to permeate the sand.

Life rushes on like those waves of the ocean,  
And dashes against problems we're unable  
to solve.  
But nevertheless we continue to live  
Until our souls soak into the heavens.





### LAST SUMMER SONNET

Nancy LeQuire, '70

*If I could only fold you up in one  
Bright package of sand and sky, inside would be  
Split-second images, like bright jewels to me,  
Tucked between layers of beach and sun.*

*The weatherbeaten pier where we would run  
I'd wrap up too, along with moss-covered trees.  
And nights that we spent floatin', like the sea,  
Would be hidden away with all the rest we've  
done.*

*And on days like this when boredom makes me  
long  
To burst these bonds of dullness, and blow this  
town,*

*I would take out my folded treasure and relive  
The still-vivid hours that are now gone . . .  
I'd savor each fragment, each precious gift  
of summer, knowing better ones will be found.*

love is a ball  
Molle Howell, '72

*i'm a BIG red ball  
all GLOWING with color  
and bouncing UP and*

*Down*

*all the time just to show  
YOU how Much i luv U  
sometimes i don't have to bounce around  
to be happie*

*if i know that YOU are near*

*and*

*that YOU'RE taking care of me  
making sure that i don't get kicked around  
well then i'm as happie as any ball in town  
so luv me and play with me  
and*

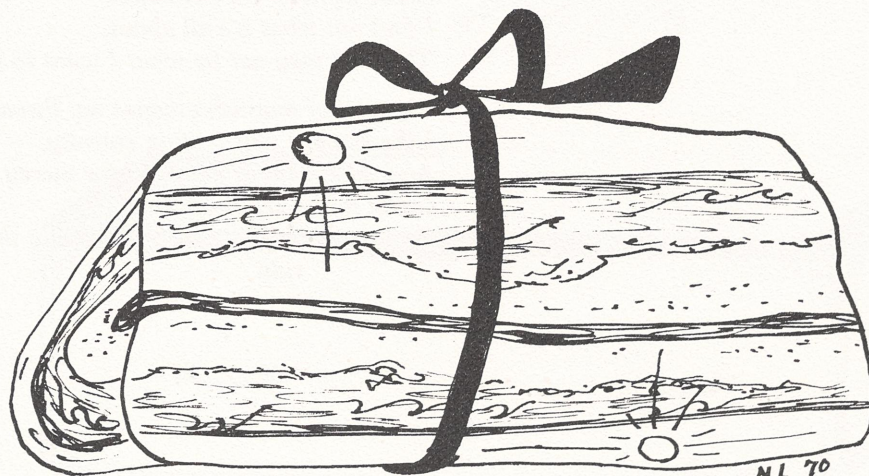
*i'll be good to U.  
that's all a ball asks.*

### HAIKU

C. B., '71

*People fill the world.  
We are one in God. Yet . . .  
Our eyes dare not meet.*

\* \* \*





WHAT IF . . . ?

Claire Brittain '71

What if god came into The World?  
In all his glory and majesty—  
What if he stepped down from The Universe,  
Onto the tiny speck of matter  
WE call . . . Earth?

I stepped into an ant hill once.

They bit.

It hurt.

I left.



HAIKU

C. B., '71

God is still alive!  
Only in the minds of men  
Is he forgotten.

\* \* \*

Carol Stoney, '73

If love can destroy all hate,  
Why does the hate kill the love in my heart?  
The Sunday School teachers tell us love conquers  
all,

Yet the conquering drive is powered by the force  
of hate.

When will things be made clear to me?  
When will propaganda quit polluting my mind?  
Will I ever understand why there's life after  
birth?

Will my heart be forever blind?

Does it really matter

Why I continue?

'Cause I don't really care

If I complicate the issue of life.

'Cause the world is in a crisis

And we're all dying anyway.

Why save your money

When it won't be worth a penny in 10 years?

And is there really a reason

Or is He just teasing us

By giving us the earth to destroy?

And I want to get out before

I find out what it's all about,

'Cause it may not be what I want to hear.

My wail of anguish escapes my throat

Like a saber penetrating eternity,

And its appeal to mankind for mercy unto life

Is lost in the echoing storm.

And the sun still grins sardonically through the  
rain.





## ATLANTIC

Nancy LeQuire, '70

*The sea intrigues me. Scoop up a handful and  
smell*

*The salty taste and easy-rollin' ways  
Of a youthful being. Who can tell  
What its enchantment is? A sunny haze  
Clouds around my eyes when I squint to gaze  
At the distant dancing dolphins.*

## FOOTSTEPS

Diana Reed, '72

Footsteps . . . Matched, even footsteps re-  
sounding on the cobblestone street.

Pallbearer's footsteps . . . Carrying the  
shrouded, black coffin to its bed in the earth.

Death . . . Silent and watchful in the  
shadows, death, reigns in the street.

Death . . . Holding a smothering, furtive  
silence over the members of this walking hearse.

Footsteps . . . Matched, even footsteps  
resounding on the cobblestone street.

Pallbearer's footsteps . . . fading away . . .  
but how many times will they come again, to  
carry the coffin to its bed in the earth?

## HAIKU

C. B., '71

*Tomorrows shall come.  
Todays will be yesterdays.  
Our memories? . . . lost*

\* \* \*

## HAIKU

C. B., '71

*Chewing gum wrappers—  
Popsicle sticks on the ground—  
Who could be hungry?*

\* \* \*





Grace Paine, '70

*What is it that makes us try to cradle life—  
to tuck it into our shielding bent arms,  
to want to feel it, depending on our  
protective bodies?*

*We waste so much time and emotion*

*But at least we realize the senselessness of any  
attempt—*

*Why can't we just accept the feeling we're  
discovering—*

*to feel so deep damn good to just know  
you're young and willing*

*that life does not plan to be confined to  
in-drawn arms*

*but that you're stretching them wide  
to catch*

*as much as you possibly can—*

*that you want to sense every shove and  
whisper*

*that it has to offer you—*

*that there is so so much that you haven't  
touched*

*and you pray you'll be able to grasp  
it all . . .*

*I feel myself growing, expanding and absorbing—  
as I pull*

*into myself, out to other people, and  
towards all the life*

*rippling in my direction—*

*Let me forget my pathetic frustrations to mold  
life—*

*To just take*

*one hell of a beautiful breath  
and  
plunge.*



Rejected

Susan Shoulders, '72

*I was cast aside*

*Rejected and forgotten*

*People talked about me*

*I could hear their voices*

*But I could not understand*

*Why I stood alone.*

*They were all around*

*But none knew I was near*

*This world was dark and lonely*

*One I'd rather not acquaint.*

*But why? Why had my world rejected me?*

*My soul was crying freely but softly.*

*I felt ashamed that I was idle,*

*And that the world was still rotating.*

*But inner strength could not hold back.*

*Tears came flowing. Oh! Why me?*

*I will not ask to understand,*

*But somehow tears reflected light.*

*I saw myself and the world saw me,*

*And we greeted each other with open arms.*





ORGANIZED RELIGION HAS  
BEEN JUST TOO MUCH THAT  
FOR ME—

Grace Paine, '70

*If I could look at a late sun that's sucking the  
color blown clouds from the sky—  
And not methodically think—*

*What a majestic thing God has given  
us—*

*If I could be only pulled into the draining  
colors  
while the wind lifts my hair as it does  
my spirit—*

*And not profane the sanctity of the moment  
with a definition of something I should never  
have over-used in mundane terms.*

good day  
Patti Pigg, '70  
*a day in september  
a day not knowing  
the good day  
the better day that was  
beginning  
the best day being  
that you happened to love me  
the winds of discontent  
and the rains of despair  
prime one for loving  
capable of sharing,  
months of hoping  
and the nights of searching  
enable one to learn  
for the loser's the best at loving*



WORRY

Connie S. King, '73

*Deep and dark it travels;  
Stealthily pouncing upon your brain . . .  
PANIC!!*

*Or quietly it creeps into your mind.  
Your mind takes something which  
you have said and weaves together  
reality and fantasy,  
until suddenly . . .  
You're Worried.*





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